

Missiskoui Standard.

Let Justice preside and Candour investigate.

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BY
J. D. GILMAN,
To whom all Communications must be addressed; and if by mail, post paid.

NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

(Continued.)

The Mameluke continued for some time, sometimes begging and praying, and sometimes threatening so furiously, that Philip feared that he might lay violent hands on him before the whole assembly. He therefore took the opportunity of quitting him as soon as he could. Scarcely had he lost himself in the crowd, when a female, closely enveloped in widow's weeds, tapped him familiarly on the arm and said,

"Butterfly, whither away? Have you not one word of consolation for the disconsolate Widow?"

Philip answered very politely, "Beautiful widows find no lack of comforters. May I venture to include myself in the number?"

"Why are you so disobedient? and why haven't you changed your mask?" said the Widow, while she led him aside from the crowd. "Do you really fancy, Prince, that every one here does not know who you are? They are very much mistaken in me, I assure you," replied Philip.

"Not at all," answered the Widow, "they know you very well, and if you don't instantly change your mask, I shan't speak to you again the whole evening; I have no desire to give my husband an opportunity of making a scene."

By this Philip discovered who his companion was. "You were the beautiful Rose-girl; are your roses withered so soon?"

"What is there that does not wither? not the constancy of man! I saw you when you slipt off with the Carmelite. Confess your inconstancy...you can deceive no longer."

"Hem,"—answered Philip, coldly, "accuse me as you will, I can return the accusation."

"How...in what respect?"

"Why, for instance, there is not a more constant man alive than the Marshal."

"There is not indeed!...and I am wrong, very wrong to have listened to you so long. But my remorse is unavailing; he has discovered our flirtation."

"Since the last rout at the palace, fair Widow—"

"Where you were so unguarded & particular—wicked Prince!"

"Let us repair the mischief. Let us part. I honor the Marshal, and for my part, should be ashamed to do him wrong."

The Widow looked at him for some time in speechless amazement.

"If indeed you have any regard for me," continued Philip, "you will go instantly into Poland to visit your relations. 'Tis better that we do not meet. A beautiful woman is beautiful—but a pure and virtuous woman is more beautiful still."

"Prince!" cried the astonished Widow, "are you really in earnest? Have you ever loved me, or have you all along deceived?"

"Look you," answered Philip, "I am a tempter of a peculiar kind. I search constantly among women to find truth and virtue, and alas! 'tis but seldom I encounter them. Only the true and virtuous can keep me constant—therefore I am true to none; but no!—there is one that keeps me in her charms...I am sorry, fair Widow, that that one...is not you!"

"You are in a strange mood to night, Prince," answered the Widow, and the trembling of her voice and heaving of her bosom showed the effect the conversation had on her.

"No," answered Philip, "I am in as rational a mood to night as I ever was in my life. I wish only to repair an injury; I have promised to your husband to do so."

"How!" exclaimed the Widow, in a voice of terror, "you have told every thing to the Marshal?"

"Not every thing," answered Philip, "only what I knew."

The Widow wrung her hands in the extremity of agitation, & at last said, "Where is my husband?"

Philip pointed to the Mameluke who at this moment approached them.

"Prince," said the Widow, in a tone of inexpressible rage and hatred,—"Prince—but you are unworthy of a thought. I never dreamt that any one could be capable of such ungentlemanly behavior...you are an imposter! My husband in the dress of a barbarian is a prince! you in the

dress of a prince are a barbarian. In this world you see me no more...go, sir!"

With these words she turned proudly away from him, & going up to the Mameluke, accompanied him from the hall in deep and earnest conversation. Philip laughed quietly at the result of his advice, and said to himself, "My substitute, the watchman, will be somewhat astonished at this; as for me, I think I make a very decent sort of a prince; I only hope when he returns he will proceed as I have begun."

He went up to the dancers and was delighted to see the beautiful Carmelite standing up in a set with the Brahmin. No sooner did the latter perceive him, than he kissed his hand to him, and in dumb show gave him to understand that the reconciliation was complete. Philip thought 'tis a pity I am not to be prince all my life time. How the people would rejoice to be a prince is the easiest thing in the world. He can do more with a single word than a barrister with a three hours' speech. Yes! if I were a prince, my beautiful Rose would be...lost to me for ever.

After all, I think I don't wish to be a prince." He now looked at the clock, and saw 'twas half past eleven. The Mameluke hurried up to him and gave him paper.

"Prince," he exclaimed, "I could fall at your feet and thank you on my knees; I am reconciled to my wife. You have broken her heart; but she will yet learn to thank you for it. We travel to Poland this very night, and there we shall fix our home."

"Farewell, Prince! I shall be ready whenever your Royal Highness requires me to pour out my last drop of blood in your service. My gratitude is eternal.—Farewell!"

"Stay," said Philip, "what am I to do with this paper?"

"Oh! that's...tis the amount of my loss to your Highness last week at hazard. I had nearly forgotten it; but before my departure, I must clear my debts of honor.

Again and again, Heaven bless you, and farewell." With these words the Marshal disappeared.

CHAPTER V.

Philip opened the paper, and read in it an order for five thousand dollars. He put it in his pocket and thought, "Well, it would be very pleasant to be a prince." While musing on the difference of five thousand dollars at play, and his own board and lodging at the gardener's, a voice whispered in his ear,

"Please your Royal Highness, we are both discovered; I shall blow my brains out."

Philip turned round in amazement, & saw a negro at his side.

"What do you want, my friend?" he asked, in an unconcerned tone.

"I am Colonel Kalt," whispered the negro...."The Marshal's wife has been chattering to Duke Herman, and he has been breathing fire and fury against us both."

"He is quite welcome," answered Philip.

"But the King knows all," sighed the negro...."This very night I may be arrested and carried to the castle; I'll sooner hang myself."

"No need of that," said Philip.

"What! am I to be made infamous for my whole life? I am lost, I tell you. The Duke will demand satisfaction. His back is black and blue yet with the marks of the cudgeling I gave him. I am lost, and the baker's daughter too! I'll jump from the bridge and drown myself at once."

"God forbid!" answered Philip, "what have you and the baker's daughter to do with it?"

"Your Royal Highness banters me, and I am in despair!—I humbly beseech you to give me two minutes private conversation."

Philip followed the negro into a small boudoir, imperfectly lighted. The negro threw himself on a sofa, and sighed and groaned aloud. Philip found some sandwiches and wine on the table, and helped himself with the utmost composure.

"I wonder your Royal Highness can be so d—d apathetic at what I have told you. If the Neapolitan that acted the conjurer were here, he might save us by some contrivance. As it is, he has slipped out of the scrape, and left us to!"

"So much the better," interrupted Philip, replenishing his glass; "since he has got out of the way, we can throw all the blame on his shoulders."

"How can we do that? The Duke, I tell you, knows that you, and I, and the Marshal's wife, and the baker's daughter, were all in the plot together, to take advantage of his superstition. He knows that it was you that engaged Salmon to play the conjurer; that it was I that instructed the baker's daughter (with whom he is in love) how to inveigle him into the snare? that it was I that enacted the ghost,



Standard.

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the Finance. If Baron Griefensack succeeds in ejecting me from the Ministry, I am incapacitated from serving your Royal Highness as I could wish. If your Highness will leave the party of Griefensack, our point is gained.

"Rather swallow a glass of wine—'tis delicious tipple," said Philip, and filled up a bumper at the same time by way of good example. "For to tell you the truth, my friend, I think you are rather a faint-heart, ed sort of a fellow for a colonel, to think of hanging, drowning, shooting, and poisoning yourself about such a ridiculous story as that....One of them would be too much, but as to all four...rob, man...nonsense...fill your glass. I tell you at this moment I don't know what to make out of your account."

"Your Royal Highness, have pity on me, my brain is turned. The Duke's page, a particular friend of mine, has told me this very moment, that the Marshal's wife, inspired by the devil, went up to the Duke, and told him that the trick played on him at the baker's house was planned by Prince Julian, who opposed his marriage with his sister; that the spirit he saw was myself, sent by the Princess to be a witness to his superstition; that your highness has the written promise that we got from him, to make the baker's daughter his mistress immediately after the marriage; and that these were the reasons his suit had failed: and now, your Royal Highness, is in possession of every thing."

"Not at all," answered Philip.

"Tis half past eleven, and the beautiful singer expects you. She will tire of waiting."

"Let her sing something to cheer her."

"How, Prince? Have you changed your mind? Would you leave the captivating Rollina in the lurch, and throw away the golden opportunity you have been sighing for months? The letter you sent to-day, enclosing the diamond bauble, did its work marvellously. She surrenders at such a summons. Then why are you now so cold? What is the cause of the change?"

"That is my business, not yours," said Philip.

"I have discovered a girl....Oh, Prince, there is not such another in the world!"

"She is totally unknown....beautiful as an angel—eyes like stars—hair like sunbeams—in short, the sweetest creature I ever beheld. The mother is the widow of a poor weaver—a simple, honest woman, who..."

"And the mother's name is?"

"Widow Bitsier, in Milk street, and the daughter, fairest of flowers, is called Rose."

"At the sound of the one-loved name, Philip started back. His first inclination was to knock the communicative Dutchman down."

"If I find you within half a mile of Milk Street, I'll dash your miserable brains out before you can shout for mercy."

The Dutchman stood writhing with pain.

"May it please your Highness, I could not imagine you really loved the girl as it seems you do."

"I love her! I will own it before the whole world!"

"And are loved in return?"

"That's none of your business. Never mention her name to me again. Now you know what I think. Be off!"

CHAPTER VI.

"It is high time I were watchman again," thought Philip. He was interrupted by a mask.

"Who are you?" enquired Philip.

"Count Bodenlos, the Minister of Finance, at your Highness's service," answered the Minister, and lifted his mask.

"Well, then, my lord, what are your commands?"

"May I speak openly? I waited on your Royal Highness thrice, and was never admitted to the honor of an audience; and yet, Heaven is my witness, no man in all this court has a deeper interest in your Royal Highness than I have."

"I am greatly obliged to you," replied Philip; "but what is your business just now? Be as short as you can."

"May I venture to speak of the house of Abraham Leyi?

"As much as you like."

"They have applied to me about the fifty thousand dollars they have advanced to your Royal Highness, and threaten to apply to the King. And you remember your promise to his Majesty when last he paid your debts."

"Can't the people wait?" asked Philip.

"No more than the Brothers, goldsmith's, who demand their seventy-five thousand dollars."

"It is all one to me. If the people won't wait for their money, I must!"

"No hasty resolutions, I beg. I have it in my power to make every thing comfortable, if..."

"Well, if what?"

"If you will honor me by listening to me one moment. I hope to have no difficulty in covering all your debts. The house of Abraham Levi has bought up immense quantities of corn, so that the price is very much raised. A decree against importation will raise it three or four times higher. By giving Abraham Levi the monopoly, the business will be arranged.

The house erases your debt, and pays off your seventy-five thousand dollars to the goldsmiths, and I give you over the receipts. But every thing depends upon my continuing for another year at the head of

the Finance. If Baron Griefensack succeeds in ejecting me from the Ministry, I am incapacitated from serving your Royal Highness as I could wish. If your Highness will leave the party of Griefensack, our point is gained.

submitting to the kiss, and begged him to go. But Julian seemed not at all inclined to move.

"What, go?—and such a creature here beside me? I'm not such an idiot—no—no."

"But then it isn't right, Philip."

"Not right? why not, my beauty? there's nothing against kissing in the ten commandments."

"You must have been drinking, Philip."

You know very well we can't marry, &—

"Not marry? why not? I'll marry you to-morrow, to-night...this very hour!...not marry, indeed!"

"Philip! Philip!—why will you talk such folly? Ah, Philip, I had a dream last night."

"A dream...what was it?"

"You had won a prize in the lottery;

we were both so happy! you had bought a beautiful garden, and filled with flowers

and such famous sabbages and cauli-flowers—such a fortune it would have been!

And when I awoke, Philip, I felt so wretched—I wished I had not dreamed such a happy dream. You've nothing in the lottery, Philip, have you? Have you really won any thing? The drawing took place to day."

"How much must I have gained to win you too?"

"Ah, Philip, if you had only gained a thousand dollars, you might buy such a pretty garden!"

"A thousand dollars? And what if it were more?"

"Ah, Philip...what? is it true? is it really? Don't deceive me! 'twill be worse than the dream. You had a ticket! and you've won! tell me, tell me!"

"All you can wish for."

Rose flung her arms around his neck in the extremity of her joy, and resisted no longer when he printed the second kiss upon her cheek.

"All that I wished for? the thousand dollars? and will they pay you the whole sum at once? Answer me, answer me!"

she added, for the Prince was so astonished at the turn affairs had taken, that he scarcely knew what to say.

"Will they pay the thousand dollars all in gold, Philip?"

"They've done it already—and if it will add to your happiness, I will hand it to you this moment."

"What, have you got

open street?" growled a young lieutenant, angrily,—with a young lady on his arm.

"Mr. Lieutenant," answered a jolly miller, "the watchman sings nothing but the truth....and the lady at your side is a proof of it. Hal! young minx, do you know me? do you who I am? Is it right for a betrothed bride to be wandering o' nights about the streets with other men? Tomorrow your mother shall hear of this. I'll have nothing more to do with you....and that's plump!"

The girl hid her face, and nudged the young officer to lead her away. But the lieutenant, like a brave soldier, scorned to retreat from the miller, and determined to keep the field. With many mutual extracts from the polite vocabulary, the quarrel grew hotter and hotter. At last, however, townsmen lifted their huge cudgels above the head of the wrathful son of Mars, while one of them cried—"Don't make any more fuss about the price of goods beside you—she ain't worth it. The miller's a good fellow; and the watchman's song was as true as gospel. A plain tradesman can hardly venture to marry now; the women's heads are all turned by the soldiers. There is no chance for any of us when a red-coat comes in the way: down with the lazy varmints." But the officer was soon joined by his companions, and there seemed manifest symptoms of a row. The boys by way of a prelude to the engagement, amused themselves by firing volleys of snowballs on both the contending parties. One of these missiles hit the irate lieutenant with the force of a twelve pounder on the nose, and he considering this the commencement of active operations lost no time in bestowing a token of affection in the shape of his doubled fist, on the right eye of the miller; and in a few moments the battle became general.

The Prince, who had laughed amazingly at the commencement of the uproar had taken himself to another region before it actually came to blows. In the course of his wanderings, he came to the palace of Count Bodenlos, the Minister of Finance, with whom, as Philip had discovered at the masquerade, the Prince was not on the best of terms. The countess had a party. Julian, whose poetical fervour was still in force, planted himself opposite the windows, and blew a peal on his horn. Several ladies and gentlemen, astonished at the noise, opened the windows and listened to what he should say.

"Watchman," cried one of them, "troll out your Christmas verses and a dollar is your reward."

This invitation brought a fresh accession of the Countess's party to the windows. Julian called the hour in the true watchman's voice, and sung, loud & clear enough to be distinctly heard inside—

"Ye who are sunk in poor estate,
And fear the needy bankrupt's fate,
Pray to your patron saint, St. Francis,
To make you chief of the finances;
Then may you make your country groan,
And rob its purse to fill your own!"

"Intolerable!" screamed the lady of the Minister, "who is the insolent varlet that dares such an insult!"

"May it please your excellency," answered Julian, imitating a Jew in voice and manner, "I wash only intend to shew you a pretty shong. I am de Shew Abraham Levi, well known at dish court. Your ladyship knowsh me ver' well."

"How dare you tell such a lie, you villain?" exclaimed a voice, trembling with rage, at one of the windows, "how dare you say you are Abraham Levi? I am Abraham Levi! You are a cheat!"

"Call the police!" cried the Countess. "Let the ruffian be arrested!"

(Conclusion next week.)

UPPER CANADA.

Address of the Prisoners who have been lately liberated from jail, to his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, with his Excellency's Reply.

To his Excellency Sir George Arthur, K. C. H. Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, Major General commanding, &c. &c. &c.

May it please your Excellency:

We, to whom the Royal Clemency has been most graciously extended, together with our friends and relations, beg leave most sincerely & humbly to tender to your Excellency our grateful acknowledgements for the humanity that your Excellency so promptly exercised in our behalf: transgressors as we were, we do not now attempt to offer any apology for our offence; but we are led sincerely to believe that your Excellency has with clearness observed how easily the ignorant, though honest inhabitants of the country, were led astray by the artifice and chicanery of designing men, who availed themselves of every opportunity of imposing upon the unsuspecting, by productions emanating from a mendacious and unrestrained press.

While we deprecate sincerely the means that were resorted to for the purpose of seducing many of our honest, but ignorant fellow-transgressors and sufferers now in prisons, from their allegiance, the nature and duties of which we can fairly assert many of them through ignorance did not know; we fervently pray that the deluded and morally honest among them may yet find favour in the sight of their Sovereign, through the favourable recommendation of your Excellency.

Restored again to our wives & little ones through the feeling and humanity of a magnanimous Government, with the hope held out to us that the forfeiture we subjected ourselves to will not be exacted, we fond-

ly cherish the belief that we will be permitted to remain in the country of our birth and adoption, to enjoy the earnings of many years, and teach our rising families that to be under the dominion of the British Government will entitle them to expect protection and mercy. That your Excellency may be directed to extend that mercy to many more of our unfortunate sufferers (through ignorance) we humbly pray, feeling as we feel how sincerely it would be appreciated as a boon undeserved.

That your Excellency may in health and happiness long remain in this Province to guard the helpless offspring of our deluded fellow-sufferers, now in prisons, in common with ours, from artifice such as seduced us, to temper Justice with Mercy, and to receive at our hands in behalf of a Most Gracious Queen, such a proof of our gratitude and contrition as we ought to manifest in our most anxious wish.

By giving such demonstrations of our sincerity, gratitude and contrition, we expect yet in the demonstration of the attachment and fidelity awakened in us by the mercy that we have received, to be enabled to exclaim without suspicion,

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

HIS EXCELLENCY'S REPLY.

It gives me the most lively pleasure to receive so strong a proof of your returning feeling of loyalty and duty to your Sovereign, as is conveyed by the Address you have just presented.

You have indeed reason to be grateful, and to feel for the future the value of the Government of our Sovereign, which, while it protects the innocent and obedient in the enjoyment of every religious, civil, and political right, can also be forbearing and merciful towards those who are guilty.

It is not always in the power of the Government of a free people to preserve them from the influence of wicked and designing men; or to restrain the libertinism of the press—much must always be left to the good feeling, and sense of duty, which ought to be in itself a sufficient barrier against evil influences; for every man possesses a sufficient information, to prevent his being altogether misled; and you must be aware, that it is upon this principle alone, that free institutions can with safety be extended to the people of any country.

Let me take this affecting and impressive occasion, to entreat you for the future to remember your duty to your Sovereign, to your wives, and to your children, to all of whom you have been restored, by the mercy of the Government you assisted in attempting to overthrow. To your Queen, you not only owe obedience, and submission on all lawful occasions, but also your strength in arms, and your lives if necessary, in defence of her Crown. To your wives you owe manly protection, attachment to your homes and firesides, peaceable and respectable demeanor, and for their sakes, if for no other, you should be foremost with all your power to save your country from the miseries of war, in which your conduct so nearly involved it. To your children, you owe a religious, moral, and loyal education. The man who teaches your children insubordination and Treason, is more your enemy than he who attempts to take your life and property. The Almighty has left the maintenance and comfort of your children dependent upon your bodily exertions—upon your immortal interests, he has cast the responsibility of training their tender minds in the path of religion, and loyalty and obedience. If in these respects you do your duty, all that has lately happened will, I hope, be forgotten as respects you personally, or only remembered by yourselves with gratitude, as an awful lesson of experience.

I sincerely congratulate you, on your being received once more within the pale of the British Constitution; and I am sure that it will be gratifying to you, for the future, to know, that you are numbered among those, to whom your Sovereign & your loyal brethren look for cordial support and assistance, should the hour of danger again arrive, or the peace of your country be again threatened either internally or from abroad.

(Signed) GEORGE ARTHUR.

Address of the Wives and near Female Relatives of the Prisoners lately liberated from Jail, to his Excellency Sir George Arthur, with his Excellency's Reply thereto.

To his Excellency Sir George Arthur, K. C. H. Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Upper Canada, &c. &c.

May it please your Excellency:

We, the undersigned, are desirous to approach Your Excellency thus to tender our expressions and acknowledgement of gratitude with which our minds are affected for the extension of your clemency towards our husbands, our children, and our friends, who have long been in confinement in the jail of Toronto, on account of their being concerned in the late criminal insurrection; from which act of theirs we have been deep partisans in their sufferings, having been often debarred from even looking at them through their windows from the street. And now we feel it a duty incumbent on us to pray that Your Excellency would condescend to accept from our hand this expression of our thankfulness for your Excellency's extension of Royal clemency, thus far received by the prisoners and us, which inspires our hearts to the God of all grace, in fervent prayer, that he will be pleased to bless yourself and lady, and family, with health, happiness, and peace

...that your days may be long in our land; and hope that the good work you have begun may be continued towards those who yet remain behind in confinement, until completed. Then the Province will resound with your praise, and Hallelujah to God and the Lamb, forever and ever.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S REPLY.

I have deeply commiserated the sufferings in which you have been innocently involved by the late unhappy revolt; and I rejoice most sincerely that it has been in my power to exercise, in her Majesty's name, the prerogative of mercy by which your husbands and your children are restored to you. I hope henceforth that the name of your Sovereign Queen Victoria will be often sounded in your families; and that you will teach your children the duty which they, above all others, owe to her Majesty's mild, gracious, and merciful government.

(Signed) GEO. ARTHUR.

THE JOURNEY.

Here we are in Montreal, safe and snug at the Commercial Hotel, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Baker, than whom none can treat their guests with more kindness, and attention. We hope they will succeed in their business...for they deserve every encouragement.

On the way coming we met with no beautiful landscapes to describe. For the most part, it rained hard...the roads were muddy...the brooks and ditches overflowed, part of the way with water black as ink...another part, thick and white as butter-milk. The horses were no more than half pleased, if indeed so much. Turning in under the shed, at Mr. Cliff's old stand, the poor animals were so glad to get out of the rain that they dashed in with so much violence, spite all I could do, as to break the tongue against the building. Here, for a minute, I stood the picture of despair about further progress, on being told that no mechanic was to be had. The landlord, however, made his appearance and perplexity vanished. He sent a man to the woods, not far off, to procure green beech withes. These he twisted...spliced the tongue—wound up the splines neatly, until he made it strong and solid, fit for the journey. Thanks to the very obliging landlord; we got to St. Johns in perfect safety. Next morning took the Cars, which had to dash through the water on the Steam Boat wharf up to the axis. Got to Town in time to see the funeral procession returning from committing to the earth the remains of the late lamented Major Warde. The Rev. Dr. Bethune preached yesterday to the military, and addressed them on the lamentable occasion, as a minister of the King of kings should speak. Suffice it to say, that he did his duty with faithful intrepidity. If Major Warde did not leave a wife and children to lament his untimely end, he left, we are told, dear relatives. How must they be shocked, when they shall have received, & read, the letters which he wrote to them the night before his fall.

We attended Church both forenoon and afternoon. A collection was made in aid of the Sunday School, which amounted to £27 12s. 3d.—no bad specimen of the zeal manifested by that respectable congregation, in support of benevolent enterprise. What can be better than to endeavor to give religious instruction to the young, especially such of them who would be neglected, but for the institution of Sunday Schools.

We are just going to start for Cornwall.

J. R.

Monday morning, 28th May, 1839.

MISSISKOUY STANDARD.

FREELIGHSBURG, JUNE 5, 1839.

Such of our cotemporary friends, in the United States, as exchange with the Standard, will confer an obligation upon us by mailing their papers for WEST BERKSHIRE, Vermont," as the name of that office has been changed from that of Union Office. By so doing they will enable us to receive them much earlier than we should through any other channel.

We have said that the anglicization of Lower Canada is necessary both on the score of humanity, and on the score of interest to the Empire.

We have seen that the French language has, with the exception of Lower Canada, altogether ceased to be the legal language of any portion of this continent. It still lingers, however, in several of the West India islands. But even there it is also losing its footing; for in St. Lucia, an island lately ceded to the British Crown, its use

was abolished by Governor BANBURY, from the 1st March last, and the English language substituted in its stead.

Among the people also, the French is falling into disuse. In Nova Scotia, Breton, Louisiana, along the Mississippi and Ohio, and in the Western part of Upper Canada, it is but an echo of what it was at one time.

These are comprehensive facts, and to a person well acquainted with the history of French rule, and the spread of the French language in America, they might afford matter for interesting comment. But it is not the French only that has been and is being swallowed up; the German, also, has been overcome, and the Spanish is retreating to the South. All are consuming away before one and the same tongue, the English. The conclusion from these facts is inevitable. The English language will be the language of North America. We know not the good purposes which God has ordained to be accomplished by this arrangement; but, as every right minded man believes in His moral government of the world, it might not be too much to say, that it is connected with the propagation of the religion of the gospel; for the English language has carried with it, to all quarters of the globe, civilization, rational freedom, and a knowledge of the only God. On this continent it has proved irresistible. The British government has indeed nourished, and brought up towards sickly maturity, the offspring of her "ancient enemy"; but it is not now in the power of the British government to establish them as a distinct people. Her own children, in the province, have advanced too far for that. The two races have, in fact, both reached such a pitch that they can afford to hate without greatly fearing each other. The French, in the district of Montreal, hate the English from the bottom of their hearts...We do not speak from motives of party; this is not the time to be influenced by them. We merely speak what we certainly know to be the truth. It is to be regretted that subjects of the same Sovereign should entertain such feelings against their fellows; nevertheless, it is the truth. Nor have late events tended to eradicate that hatred, but rather to make it reciprocal. It is possible that these feelings may again subside; but it is hardly to be believed. If mutual good will be ever restored, it must be after the lapse of years, and in our opinion it never will be restored, until the English are complete masters of the province. No human power can prevent this colony from becoming English, sooner or later. But as long as the French retain their distinctive character, they will hate the English and be hated in return. This is the way of human nature, however much the philanthropist and the christian may lament it.

It is necessary, therefore, that one race yield to the other. We do not mean, that the one people must be rendered as individuals legally inferior to the other. But we do say, that the language of one must be paramount. Which language shall it be?

The language of a provincial majority which is relatively decreasing? or the language of the mass of the Empire, and of a provincial minority yearly gaining strength? The latter, of course. By the suspension of the Constitution both races have been put politically upon a level; they are both on an equality of weakness. Suppose a new Constitution to be given, by which the French are again rendered superior, or both placed politically on an equality of power. Then commence heart-burnings and jealousies among the leaders, to be ripened into deadly hatred and a deadly struggle between the races.

The respective position occupied by the two before the rebellion, cannot be regained.

The British government, it is true, has the power to place them politically on the same footing; but when the social chain, so long stretched, has been rudely snapt asunder, it would be cruel in the government to do so, for the English population would submit only while they must.

Were the two to be represented in the new legislature by members free as to the use of either tongue, and nearly equal in numbers, we should have all the violence and intolerance of two great irreconcileable parties, and again animosity between the opposing constituent races. To avoid all these, humanity demands, that, by making English the legal language of the country, the way may be paved for the quiet progress of English feelings, English habits & English prejudices. The mind revolts from the idea of a repetition of the scenes through which we have lately passed. The minds of men of different nations, or of the same

Empire, speaking different tongues, are sufficiently prone by nature to entertain ill will against each other; and we have had melancholy proof of the lengths to which a people may be hurried by misrepresentation and falsehood, when they possess no feelings, no habits, not even language in common with the government that rules them. Blood enough has been shed in consequence of the error our government has committed in planting and fostering a race of foreigners amongst its own natural born subjects. All human considerations call upon it not to persist in following a course which will inevitably bring destruction upon many more of the human family; but to adopt a course by which those, who are now foreigners, may become Englishmen in thought and word, a course, which reason dictates, and which Providence itself has appointed to be followed on the continent of America.

We have abstained from expressing any opinion concerning the probable course of the EARL OF DURHAM, now sworn in Governor-General of British North America. We think it unjust to condemn a man before trial, and imprudent to express confidence in him without experience of his acts. Since the fall of the lately dominant party, newspapers have, in justice, no cause either for exciting passion or instilling prejudice. We should be glad, therefore, to see nothing of them, at least, in the loyal journals. The complaints of the Anglo-Saxon population, as a party, against the domination of the French as a party, are at this moment set aside with the Constitution. But the complaints against the feudal tenure, the want of Registry Offices, the unjust division of the province into counties, remain to be redressed. These things with the continuance of the French, as a legal language, are the great grievances of the country; and it is on the action of the Governor General upon these, that we shall yield him our praise, or base our censure.

In the mean time he is entitled to the support and respect of the country. He comes here under circumstances very different from those in which his predecessors for years back, have been placed. He is not fettered by any check within the colony, and has at his absolute disposal the whole military power in British North America, and the whole civil power of Lower Canada. If ever a Governor possessed the means of doing good to this distracted country, it is the Earl of Durham; and we truly believe that he possesses the will. He is represented as a man of a princely fortune, of independent character and enlarged views. His first Proclamation will be found in this day's paper; we refer to it with pleasure, as being a manly, straightforward declaration of the principles, on which he is to administer the government. His course will be all the smoother as there is no House of Assembly to quarrel with him.

We are happy to see a spirit of improvement in the breed of stock beginning to be evinced among our Farmers. The other day a beautiful Bull of the pure DURHAM breed was brought into this neighborhood. He was bred by Charles Penner, Esq., of Lachine; is between fourteen and fifteen months old and weighs 945 lbs.

From the Quebec Mercury.

On Sunday forenoon the telegraph displayed the signal for a line of battle-ship within sight of the lower station, and about noon her lofty canvas was seen towering above Point Levy with signals flying from the mast head, from which it was speedily ascertained that the noble vessel was her Majesty's Ship Hastings, having on board the Right Honorable the Earl of Durham, Governor-General, Vice-Admiral and Captain-General of all Her Majesty's Provinces within and adjacent to the Continent of North America, with his family and suite. The wind blew fresh from the East and the Hastings stood on, under easy sail, till she arrived nearly opposite the Queen's Wharf, where she let go her anchor. The fine band of the 71st Light Infantry was on the quarter-deck, and as the ship passed the town, played the air of Rule Britannia with powerful effect. The Glacis of the Citadel, Garden Walk and Grand Battery were crowded with spectators, expecting that the Noble Earl would immediately disembark. It was soon made public that His Lordship would not come on shore till Monday at 2 o'clock, and orders were issued to receive the Governor-General with all honors due to his rank. The appearance of the weather yesterday, about noon, indicated an afternoon of heavy rain, and the disembarkation was postponed till this day at the same hour.

His Excellency having determined on disembarking this day, the Military preparations were accordingly made, and a little after one o'clock, the two Battalions of Guards posted a Captain's Guard of Honor

at the Wharf, and a second at the Castle of St Lewis, the streets being lined by the remainder of the Battalions in the garrison, from the landing place to the Castle. Shortly before two o'clock His Lordship left the Hastings, which was dressed in her colours, and fired a salute as the Barge pulled from the ship. The yards of the Malabar, Instant, Pique and Racehorse, and of the Surveying Schooner Gulph, were manned in compliment to the Governor General who was received on the Queen's Wharf by His Excellency Sir J. Colborne commander of the Forces, Sir James Macdonald, commander of the Garrison, and the whole of the Military Staff and Heads of Departments. The Guard of honor saluted as soon as the Governor General set foot on shore, and a salute of nineteen guns was fired from the Citadel.

His Lordship now mounted his horse, and attended by the Lieutenant General, the Major General, and the numerous military cortege, proceeded to the Castle, the ladies following in an open carriage.

The Executive Council and the officers of the Civil Government were in attendance at the Castle, and his Lordship on alighting immediately proceeded to the Council Chamber and took the Oaths of Office, the termination of this ceremony was announced by a second salute of nineteen guns from the saluting battery on the Cape.

His Excellency was dressed in Military uniform with silver lace, and wore the collar of the bath. He appeared in good health, he was loudly cheered dismounting and upon leaving the Castle.

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DURHAM.

By His Excellency the Right Honorable John George Earl of Durham, Viscount Lambton, &c. &c. Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honorable Military Order of the Bath, one of Her Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council and Governor General, Vice Admiral and Captain General of all her Majesty's Provinces within, and adjacent to, the Continent of North America, &c. &c.

A PROCLAMATION.

THE QUEEN having been graciously pleased to entrust to Me the Government of British North America, I have this day assumed the administration of affairs.

In the execution of this important duty, I rely with confidence on the cordial support of all Her Majesty's subjects...as the best means of enabling Me to bring every question affecting their welfare to a successful issue,...especially such as may come under my cognizance as Her Majesty's High Commissioner.

The honest and conscientious advocates of Reform, and of the amelioration of defective Institutions, will receive from Me, without distinction of Party, Race, or Politics, that assistance and encouragement which their patriotism has a right to command, from all who desire to strengthen and consolidate the connexion between the Parent State and these important Colonies; but the disturbers of the public Peace, the violators of the Law, the enemies of the Crown, and of the British Empire, will find in Me an uncompromising opponent, determined to put in force against them all the powers, civil and military, with which I have been invested.

In one Province the most deplorable events have rendered the suspension of its representative Constitution, unhappily, a matter of necessity...and the Supreme Power has devolved on me.

The great responsibility which is thereby imposed on Me, and the arduous nature of the functions which I have to discharge, will naturally make me most anxious to hasten the arrival of that period when the Executive Power shall again be surrounded by all the Constitutional checks of free, liberal, and British institutions.

On you...the People of British America on your conduct, and the extent of your co-operation with me, will mainly depend; whether that event shall be delayed, or immediate. I therefore invite from you the most free, unreserved communications. I beg you to consider Me as a FRIEND, and arbitrator, ready at all times to listen to your wishes, complaints, and grievances, and fully determined to act with the strictest impartiality.

If you on your side will adjure all party and sectarian animosities, and unite with me in the blessed work of peace and harmony, I feel assured that I can lay the foundations of such a system of Government, as will protect the interests of all classes—allay all discussions—and permanently establish un-

der Divine Providence, that wealth, greatness, and prosperity, of which such inexhaustible elements are to be found in these fertile countries.

Given under my hand and Seal at Arms at the Castle of St. Lewis, in the City of Quebec, in the said Province of Lower Canada, the twenty-ninth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight, and in the first year of her Majesty's reign.

By Command,
CHARLES BULLER,
Chief Secretary.

QUEBEC—Arrival of Lord Durham.—

Her Majesty's ship Hastings, in 33 days from Portsmouth, arrived here yesterday afternoon, having on board his Excellency the Right honorable the Earl of Durham, Governor General of British North America, the Countess of Durham, family and

guards and heads of departments. The Guard of honor saluted as soon as the Governor General set foot on shore, and a salute of nineteen guns was fired from the Citadel.

His Lordship now mounted his horse,

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POETRY.

A Sailor's Mid-Watch Reflections.

BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON.

The moon glitters over the sea,
Whose waters are ting'd with her light;
No comrade is walking with me,
To look on the calmness of night.
As I pace the lone deck, by yon pale guiding star,
Thoughts steal o'er me, that come not by day;
Like a beautiful vision I see from afar
My home, 'mid its mountains of gray!

Fancy pictures those bright summer hours'
Ere the dial of life knew a shade,
When each pathway was covered with flowers,
Where in childhood's young morning I stray'd;
Then the weed cover'd pond was an ocean to me,
As my top ship skimm'd over its green;
And wish'd in my heart a young Sailor to be—
As all my forefathers had been.

Nor long were those wishes delay'd,
Boyhood's canvas was scarcely unfurl'd
Ere I sail'd, when hope's anchor was weigh'd
To meet the rough waves of the world!
How swell'd my proud heart, as my mother first met

The young tar in his jacket of blue!
Her half-falter'd blessing I ne'er shall forget
As she sobb'd—To your duty be true.'

I have been so—through sunshine and storm—
Whether fortune may ebb or may flow;
I've a heart for my country still warm,
And an arm that shall conquer each foe.
Thus when the crew moor in their hammocks to rest,
Thoughts haul me, that come not by day;
And wait me far hence to that spot ever blessed,
The home of my youth, far away.

AGRICULTURAL.



From the N. E. Farmer.

RING-BONE IN HORSES.

Having in the early part of life, paid considerable attention to raising horses, but finding them subject to so many complaints, especially that of the ring-bone, I was much disengaged in the enterprise, and was led to ascertain if possible the cause of the complaint and if remedy could be found. From the information that I could obtain from different authors on the subject, and from my own experimental knowledge of the complaint, I was led to conclude that there were various causes for the complaint; that colts which are kept confined in a stable, and on the floor cleaned off daily, are more liable to be affected with it than those that are kept on the ground or on floors well littered. Low keeping by weakening the joints has a tendency to procure them. In young horses they are generally occasioned by sprains which are made by being rode or drove too hard, by running in the pasture or leaping fences.

After hearing the above statement as to the causes, the reader may with propriety inquire, what composes the ring-bone and whence it originates.

In answer to this inquiry, I have found it to be composed of the Cynovia or juices of the ankle or fetlock joint, which, by some of the aforementioned causes, is made to flow or leak from the joint; and is at first conveyed into a small sack in the back part of the fetlock joint; from thence it is conveyed by two small tubes to each side of the foot where it gradually forms the callos or ring-bone.

For the last thirty years I have been in the habit of performing an operation which prevents the ring-bone from increasing in size, and if not lame previous to the operation, a period from one to twelve months is required for the recovery, much depending on the time which the animal has been lame.

The operation is performed in the following manner. I first shear off the fetlock, then make an incision through the skin and extract the sack above mentioned, at the same time taking care to destroy the communication from the joint to the ring-bone, by cutting off the tubes or conveyors from the joint to the ring-bone.

If the aforesaid operation is performed skilfully, the horse is as fit for use in one week as before.

Z. CONE.

Hebron, Conn. April 2, 1838.

KEEP YOUR LAND CLEAN. Weeds being generally indigenous, or well acclimated, are gross feeders, and exhaust the soil more in proportion to their size than cultivated crops. We should consider that farmer a reckless manager, who should suffer strange cattle to consume the food prepared for his farm stock. How much more is he deserving the name of economist, who permits his crops to be robbed of their food, and consequently stinted in their growth by thistles, daisies, dock and pigweed.

An idea prevails with some that weeds, by the shade they afford to the soil and to crops, prevent the evaporation of moisture in times of drought. Precisely the reverse is the case. They exhaust the moisture of the soil in proportion to the surface of their leaves and stems. Some plants, it is affirmed, daily draw from the earth and exhale from their surfaces more than their weight of moisture... J. Buel.

LIME ON POTATOES. Our friend says 'I learned on enquiry of a quiet experimenting and scientific man, that raised potatoes of the best quality, by simply dropping into the hole with the potatoes when he planted them about half a pint of slackened lime

and never knew the crop to be bad in quality or small in quantity.

I tried lime after this fashion, and had not a few horse laughs from old potato planters for so doing. Well, 'let them laugh.' I did win; for where for many years before I had raised potatoes of the worst quality, in the old way, with the lime dressing alone, I raised potatoes of the very best kind. My Chenangoes were uniformly dry sweet and abundant. The results were the same the two past seasons, both on a light sandy loam and on stiff clay ground. Lime put into the hill manured with rockweed, will it is believed, counteract the bad effects resulting from this kind of manure. Try it, farmers, believe me, this 'experiment' will not rob your pockets; try it. One good potato is worth two bad ones for man or beast.... Portland Farmer.

For the Montreal Herald.

Female Courage.
[From Leward's Europe.]

By H. BERNSTEIN.

It was in the year 1829, in the month of November that three ladies travelled in the Ardenne, a rough and desolate forest on the borders of France. After having travelled the last three hours with great difficulty they were obliged to stop; while at every step the carriage was endangered, as the horses were exhausted and the roads very bad.

For the present it was impossible to proceed; but where were they to find shelter for the night? as the approaching darkness made their situation in the forest most precarious. Fortunately they espied at a distance the smoke of a human habitation; the coachman compelled the tired horses to convey the coach to that place by the application of the whip.

The house before which the carriage stop, resembled more a miserable hut than a tavern. The first person that came out of the carriage, was a lady, who was past her youth but still possessed of beauty; then her daughter, who was just in the first bloom of youth, and a waiting maid, were the whole of the company, they entered a low uncomfortable and smoky room.

Madame de Vaublanc said to the woman, who was old and very ugly, 'have you oats for my horses?' 'Yes, madam,' she answered, and more than you will need. Then lead the horses to the stable, said the lady to her coachman; turning after this to the old woman, she asked, and what have you for us to eat? Bread such as we are accustomed here to eat, cheese, and the remainder of a ragoût. This is more than we possibly could expect: lead us to the room where we are to stay this night, and above all things prepare a good fire, as we feel very cold. The only room that I possess is at your service—walk up the little stairs, 'Will you not give us a candle?' 'I have none.' 'You will be able to give us a lamp?' 'A very bad one.' 'Well, it matters not, give it to us.' Upon this Lady Vaublanc laid hold with her delicate fingers on a dirty lamp, and lighting it allowed herself, daughters and waiting maid to be conducted to the room.

It appeared to Madam de Vaublanc, that chance had brought them to a den of robbers, but she concealed her suspicion, not to terrify her daughter more, as her teeth chattered already, partly from fear and partly from cold. In the meantime the fire was kindled, and the husband of the old woman who was in the forest when they arrived, served up the supper. His cheeks were hollow, and from beneath the black depressed eyebrows squinted a parted pair of green eyes. He had the look of a villain; but the old landlord dissembled and appeared to be sociable—he put some wood on the fire, and after passing some vulgar jokes he retired. The travellers sat down to their supper; the bread was stale and the ragoût did not smell very nice; but as the saying is, 'for a hungry stomach it is easy to provide.'

After supper the young lady and her maid, felt overpowered from sleep, they retired to the adjoining little chamber, where they lay down on a miserable straw mattress, and soon sunk into a deep sleep. Madame de Vaublanc was the only person awake, and obliged to arm herself with courage and presence of mind for the whole of them. She immediately barricaded the door with heavy furniture, laid hunting dagger and a brace of pistols, without which she never travelled, before her on the table, stirred the fire cleared the lamp, and laid herself, completely dressed, on the bed, in expectation of an attack, which was not only possible but most probable. After a few hours...the night must have been far advanced...a low rustling sound was heard caused by hands that were groping about the wall to seek something in the dark; she did not hesitate a moment, but rose quietly and followed the noise, holding in one hand the hunting dagger and in the other the pistol.

Suddenly a secret door was opened and two fellows entered barefooted, the first carrying a blind lantern. The fellow screamed and dropped down writhing in his blood, and his companion fled.

Our heroine did not consider long, and at one blow struck off the hand with which he carried the lantern. The fellow screamed and dropped down writhing in his blood, and his companion fled.

Madame de Vaublanc bound her conqueror to the bedpost, as he was fainting on account of the loss of blood. With the dawn of the morning she roused her travelling company; ordered the coach to be got ready, left the miserable dwelling, whose inhabitants fled during the night. At the next town of Mezieres, she reported the

occurrence to the police, they went to the place and arrested the wounded ruffian, and by his confession they were enabled to bring the rest likewise to justice.

On the day of trial they confessed numerous murders, which they had committed and among others, a horrible atrocity that I can hardly venture to state, namely: they prepared a meal for the poor travellers out of the flesh of their slaughtered victims!

SOUNDS... John Neal says a question was once propounded to him by two Italians who were disputing about the difference between paper and pepper. It ran thus... *caro amico*, what is the difference between the long sound of your *a*, and the short sound of your *e*? I laughed, says Neal, looked puzzled...and laughed again. The thing was so ridiculous! What is the difference between a yard-stick and a gallon pot? That were easily enough answered; but this—who could answer? Not I—and so at it they went hammer & tongs, each laboring to convince the other, and both repeating paper and pepper, paper and paper, till they were black in the face, yet neither could perceive any difference between the two. Lo! the disputes in politics and religion!

The celebrated scholar Muretus was taken ill upon the road as he was travelling from Paris to Lyons; and, as his appearance was not much in his favor, he was carried to a Hospital. Two physicians attended him, and his disease not being a very common one, they thought it right to try something new, and out of the usual road of practice, upon him. One of them not knowing that their patient knew Latin, said in that language to the other, 'We may surely venture to try an experiment upon the body of so mean a man as our patient is.' 'Mean, Sir' replied Muretus in Latin to their astonishment: 'can you pretend to call any man so, Sir, for whom the Saviour of the world did not think it beneath him to die?'

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A Card.

Mrs. BELLAMY, on retiring from the Commercial Hotel, begs to acknowledge her obligation to those who have so liberally patronized this Establishment, while under her charge, and trusts, that under the management of her successor, Mr. JOHN BAKER, it will continue to receive that share of public support which she feels confident his exertions will merit.

Montreal, May 13, 1837.

Commercial



HOTEL.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has leased the above well known Establishment, to which many improvements have been added this Spring; and no exertion will be spared on his part to maintain the well known reputation of the House.

JOHN BAKER.
Montreal, May 13, 1837.

V. G.

JOHN BAKER.

PATRICK BUTLER.
Montreal 31st March, 1838.

PATRICK BUTLER.

PATRICK BUTLER.